

WHOLE NUMBER 7,778

NEWPORT, R. I.

Mrs. Rodman Cornell is visiting friends in New York.

FROM WALL STREET
TO NEWGATE.

By AUSTIN BIDWELL.

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CHAPTER XII.

My life at Newgate was an ordeal such as I hope no reader of this will ever undergo. Day by day I saw the world slipping from under my feet and the net drawing its deadly folds closer around me. Soon we all were forced to realize there was no escape for any of us.

Of course we were all guilty and deserved punishment—I need not say we did not think so then—but the evidence was most weak, and had our trial taken place in America under the too liberal construction of our laws undoubtedly we all would have escaped. But in England there is no court of criminal appeal, as with us, and when once the jury gives a verdict that ends the matter. The result is that if judges are prejudiced or want a man convicted he never escapes. The jury is always selected from the shopkeeping class, and they are horribly subservient to the aristocratic classes. They don't care for evidence. They simply watch the judge. If he smiles, the prisoner is innocent; if he frowns, then, of course, guilty.

With us when a man is charged with an offense against the laws he engages a lawyer. One is sufficient and quite costly enough. In England they are divided into three classes—viz, solicitors, barristers and queen's counsel.

The solicitor takes the case and transacts all the business connected with it. A barrister is the lawyer who is employed by the solicitor to conduct the case in court and make the pleadings. He never comes in contact with the client, but takes the brief and all instructions from the solicitor. The queen's counsel is a lawyer of a higher rank, and whenever his serene lordship takes a brief he must, to keep up his dignity, be "supported" by a barrister. So my reader will perhaps understand the reason of the proverb, "The lawyers own England." As no solicitor can plead in court, so no queen's counsel will come in direct contact with a client and must be "supported" by a barrister. Ergo any unfortunate having a case in court must fee two if not three legal sharks to represent him, if represented at all.

We employed as solicitor a Mr. David Howell of 106 Cheapside, and a thoroughgoing, unprincipled scoundrel he proved to be. He was a small, spare, undersized man, with little beauty, eyes, light complexion, red hair and stubby beard, and when he spoke it was with a thin, reedy voice. From first to last he managed our case in exactly the way the prosecution would have desired. He bled us freely, and altogether we paid him nearly \$10,000, and our defense by our eight lawyers—four queen's counsel and four barristers—was about the lamest and most futile possible.

We early came to the unanimous conclusion that in our country Howell would have had to face a jury for robbing us, and that but one of our eight lawyers had ability enough to appear in a police court here to conduct a hearing before an ordinary magistrate.

I do not propose to enter into the details of our preliminary hearings before the lord mayor at the Mansion House, or of the trial. Both the hearings and trial were sensational in the highest degree and attracted universal attention all over the English speaking world. Full page pictures of the trial appeared in all the illustrated journals of Europe and America, and our portraits were on sale everywhere.

After many hearings before Sir Sidney Waterlow we were finally committed for trial.

For eight mortal days the final trial dragged on, and there we were pilloried in that horrible dock—a spectacle for the staring throngs that flocked to see the young Americans who had found a pregonable spot in the impregnable Bank of England.

The misery of those eight days! No language can describe it, nor would I undergo it again for the wealth of the world.

The court was filled with fashionable ladies as well, who flocked to stare at the misery, while the corridors of the Old Bailey and the street itself were packed with thousands eager to catch a glimpse of us. The judge in scarlet sat in solemn state, with members of the nobility or gentry in gold chains and robes on the bench behind him. The body of the court was filled with bewigged lawyers—a tippling lot of sharks and rogues, always after lunch half tipsy with the punch or dry sherry which English lawyers drink, jesting and cracking jokes unimpaired of the fate of their clients. Captain Curran and a score of detectives were present.

No fewer than 413 witnesses were called by the prosecution. Of these about 80 were from America, and by them they traced our lives for many years before. As the forged bills were all sent by mail it was necessary to convict us by circumstantial evidence. It really was a very weak case only in that remarkable matter of the blotting paper.

The jury retired to consider their verdict shortly after 9 o'clock, and on returning into court after the lapse of about a quarter of an hour they gave in a verdict of guilty against all of the four prisoners.

Judge Archibald proceeded to pass sentence. He began with the interesting and truthful remark, "I have anxiously considered whether anything less than the maximum penalty of the law will be adequate to meet the requirements of this case, and I think not." We had information that a few days previously a meeting of judges had been held and that he had been advised to pass a life sentence. What he really meant to say was that he had anxiously considered whether anything less would be adequate to satisfy the Bank of England. He went on to say that "the sentence is penal servitude for life, and I further order that each of you pay one fourth of the costs of prosecution—\$49,000, or \$24,900 in all."

And, after all, what aroused so greatly his indignation? It was simply this—because we were youngsters and Americans and had successfully assailed the fondly imagined impregnable Bank of England, and, worse still, had held no

comprehension save in a dim manner as to what was going on. My brain was trying to connect the past and the present, feeling that something terrible had befallen me, but what it was I could not understand.

When the services were over, I returned under the escort of the warder, who, when I arrived at my cell, ordered me to go in and close the door, which I did, banging it behind me. It had a spring lock, and when I heard the snap of the catch and looked at the narrow, barred window, with its thick, fluted glass, admitting only a dim light, I remembered everything. Like a flash it all came to me, and I realized the full horror of my position. Sitting down on the little board fastened to the wall serving as bed, seat and table, I buried my face in my hands and began to ponder. Regrets came in floods, with remorse and despair hand in hand, when, realizing that it was madness to think, I sprang up, saying to myself the hour and minute had come for me to decide—either for madness and a convict's dishonored grave, or to keep the promise I had made to my friends—never to give in, but to live and conquer fate.

I determined then and there to live in the future, and never to dwell on the horrible present or past. Then I remembered the last scene in Newgate and my promise to accompany my friends step by step, day by day, in our readings. Finding a Bible on the little rusty iron shelf in the corner, and this being the fourth day of our sentence, I turned to the fourth chapter. It gives the story of Cain's crime and punishment, and I read the graphic narrative with an intensity of interest difficult to describe. When I read: "And Cain said unto the Lord: My punishment is greater than I can bear. Behold, thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth!" I felt that the cry of Cain in all its intense naturalness, in its remorse and despair, was my own, and I was overcome. Laying the book down, I walked the floor for an hour in agony, until fantastic images came thronging thick and fast to my brain. I realized that my mind was going and felt I must do something to make me forget my misery.

I opened the Bible at random, and my eye caught the word "misery." I looked closely at the verse and read:

"Thou shalt forget thy misery and remember it as waters that pass away."

I threw the book down, crying with vehemence: "That's a lie! God never gives something for nothing." Soon I opened the book again and looked at the context. Those of my readers who care to do so can do the same. The verse is Job xi, 16. The context begins at verse 18. From that hour I never despaired again.

The same day I began committing the book of Job to memory and worked for dear life and reason. I became interested, and my interest in that wonderful poem deepened until the study became a passion. Thus I turned the whole current of my thoughts into a new channel. Relief came back, and with a resolute and courage and strength I spent 20 years in that little stone dungeon. For 20 years I never saw a star, nor for 10 years the face of a woman or of a child.

That is, from my early manhood, when the heart beats fast and the blood runs warmly in the veins—through all that fearful gap of time filled to the brim with the peltings of a pitiless storm. Twelve months in solitude, then for 19 years toiling in the mud in a swamp, hunger driven under the summer's burning sun, or, thinly clad, exposed to all the blizzards and whirling storms of winter. And never again for a single moment after that first Sunday did I know what it was to fear or despair.

I was in Pentonville prison in the suburbs of London. All men convicted in England are sent to this prison to undergo one year solitary confinement. At the completion of the year they are drafted away to the public works prisons, where, working in gangs, they complete their sentence.

Or my experience in Pentonville during my year of solitude it suffices to say that, passing through a great deal of mental conflict, I found I had grown stronger, and was eager for transfer to the other prison, where I could for a few hours each day at least look on "the sky and the face of my fellow men."

At last the day of transfer came, and escorted by two uniformed and armed warders I was taken to the famous Chatham prison, 27 miles from London on the river Medway.

"You were sent here to work, and you will have to do it, or I will make you suffer for it," was the friendly greeting that fell on my ears as I stood before a pompous little fellow, an ex-major of the army, at Chatham prison one lovely morning in 1874.

I had arrived there under escort but an hour before, strong in the resolve to obey the regulations if I could and never to give in if I had a fair chance; also with a desperate resolve never to submit to persecution, come what might, and these resolutions saved me, but only by a steady and dogged adherence to them on the many occasions, through many years and amid surroundings that might well make me, as it did and does many good men, desperate and utterly reckless.

After a few more remarks of a very personal and pungent nature the little fellow marched off with a delicious swagger and a heroic air that had a powerful effect upon—the warder who had me up for inspection. I at once turned to the warder and asked, "Who is that little fellow?" "The governor," he gasped out. "If he had only heard

you!" and then followed a pantomime that implied something very dreadful. Then I marched off to the doctor and next to the chaplain, who, knowing who I was, asked me if I could read and write, to which I meekly replied, "Yes, sir," but apparently being doubtful upon the point he gave me a book. Asking me to read an account of the battle of Agincourt, in a solemn tone of voice I said, "When time and place adhere, write me down as an ass." He took the book from me, looked at the open page, gazed solemnly in my face with a funny waggling of his head, as much as to say, "You will come to no good," and followed the little major.

Then my electronic took me into the main building, filled up to the brim with what seemed to be little brick and stone boxes, and halting in front of one said: "This is your cell. You must keep your tinware clean and bright and keep your bed and bedding and your cell in perfect order at all times."

Looking around to see if it was safe to talk, he began to question me rapidly about my case, and getting no satisfaction he wound up the questioning with the remark, "Well, you tried to take all our money over to America," then, becoming confidential, he told me what wicked fellows the other prisoners were, chiefly because they went to the governor and reported the officers, charging them with maltreatment and bullying particularly and knocking them about generally. Of course the warders never did such things, but were really of a very laudible and gentle nature. In order to back up their lies the prisoners would knock their own heads against the walls, and then swear by everything good that someone of the warders had done it. I said perhaps he had.

Well, he said, perhaps an officer might give a man "a little clip," but never as to hurt him, and "only in fun, you know." I felt at the time that I would never learn to appreciate Chatham "fun," but on the very next day I was convinced of it when a man named Parrier pulled out from his waistband a piece of rag, and, unrolling it, produced two of his front teeth, with the information that a certain warder, Boden, had struck him with his fist in the mouth and knocked them out. After many "wise saws and modern instances" he looked me up in the little brick and stone box and departed, having first informed me that I "would go out to labor in the morning."

I looked about my little box with a mixture of curiosity and consternation, for the thought smote me with blinding force that for ten years at least that little box—8 feet 6 inches in length, 8 feet in height and 5 feet in width, with its floor and roof of stone—would be my only home—would be, must be, and no power could avert my fate.

On the small iron shelf I found a tin dish used by some previous occupant and smeared inside and out with gruel. There being no water in my jug, when the men came in for dinner I, in my innocence, asked one of the officers for some water to wash the dish. He looked at me with great contempt and said, "Will you have it hot or cold?" "Oh, cold, please!" He went away, but soon came back again and said: "You are a precious fat. Lick it off, man. Before long you won't waste gruel by washing your tin dish. You won't be here many days and want to use water to clean your pint."

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Night and supper—eight ounces of brown bread—came at length, and I rose up from my meal cheerful and resolute to meet the worst, be it what it might, short of deliberate persecution, with a stout heart and faith that at last all would be well.

In the morning I arose, had my breakfast—nine ounces of brown bread and a pint of gruel—and was eager to learn what this "labor" meant. I was prepared for much, but not for the grim reality. I had been ordered to join party 82—a brickmaking party, but working in the "mud districts." So we, along with 1,200 others, marched out to our work, and as soon as we were outside of the prison grounds I saw a sight that, while it explained the mud splashed appearance of my spectral array, was enough to daunt any man doomed to join in the game. Mud, mud everywhere, with groups of weary men with shovels, or shovel and barrow, working in it. A sort of road had been made over the mud with ashes and cinders, and our party of 23 men, with five other parties, moved steadily on for about a mile until we came to the clay banks or pits. Fortunately we had a very good

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Much Run Down

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Then my electronic took me into the main building, filled up to the brim with what seemed to be little brick and stone boxes, and halting in front of one said: "This is your cell. You must keep your tinware clean and bright and keep your bed and bedding and your cell in perfect order at all times."

Looking around to see if it was safe to talk, he began to question me rapidly about my case, and getting no satisfaction he wound up the questioning with the remark, "Well, you tried to take all our money over to America," then, becoming confidential, he told me what wicked fellows the other prisoners were, chiefly because they went to the governor and reported the officers, charging them with maltreatment and bullying particularly and knocking them about generally. Of course the warders never did such things, but were really of a very laudible and gentle nature. In order to back up their lies the prisoners would knock their own heads against the walls, and then swear by everything good that someone of the warders had done it. I said perhaps he had.

Well, he said, perhaps an officer might give a man "a little clip," but never as to hurt him, and "only in fun, you know." I felt at the time that I would never learn to appreciate Chatham "fun," but on the very next day I was convinced of it when a man named Parrier pulled out from his waistband a piece of rag, and, unrolling it, produced two of his front teeth, with the information that a certain warder, Boden, had struck him with his fist in the mouth and knocked them out. After many "wise saws and modern instances" he looked me up in the little brick and stone box and departed, having first informed me that I "would go out to labor in the morning."

I looked about my little box with a mixture of curiosity and consternation, for the thought smote me with blinding force that for ten years at least that little box—8 feet 6 inches in length, 8 feet in height and 5 feet in width, with its floor and roof of stone—would be my only home—would be, must be, and no power could avert my fate.

On the small iron shelf I found a tin dish used by some previous occupant and smeared inside and out with gruel. There being no water in my jug, when the men came in for dinner I, in my innocence, asked one of the officers for some water to wash the dish. He looked at me with great contempt and said, "Will you have it hot or cold?" "Oh, cold, please!" He went away, but soon came back again and said: "You are a precious fat. Lick it off, man. Before long you won't waste gruel by washing your tin dish. You won't be here many days and want to use water to clean your pint."

After dinner I saw the men marched out to labor, and was amazed to see their famished, wolfish looks—thin, gaunt and almost disfigured out of all human resemblance by their ill fitting, and covered garments and mud splashed faces and hands. I myself was kept in and marched about by my old friend "Noy" to the shops and stores for clothing, books, etc. But the weary, almost ghostly specter march I had witnessed constantly haunted me, and I said, "Will I ever resemble them?" And your faithful spirit and pride rushed to the front and cried, "Never!"

Night and supper—eight ounces of brown bread—came at length, and I rose up from my meal cheerful and resolute to meet the worst, be it what it might, short of deliberate persecution, with a stout heart and faith that at last all would be well.</

Traveler's Directory.

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Free Reduced. Only \$2.00 to New York
For limited tickets. Fare reduced to
all points beyond New York. Tickets
valid for 15 days. Fare \$1.00 in
advance. A. B. O'Connell, Agent.
Newport, R. I. Leave Newport, R. I. at 9:15 P. M. Sun-
day. Arrive New York, N. Y. at 1:00 P. M.
Return from New York, N. Y. at 1:00 P. M.
Arrive Newport, R. I. at 9:15 P. M. Sun-
day. Tickets and staterooms apply at 272
Thames Street, J. I. Green, Ticket Agent.
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THE WICKFORD ROUTE.

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Clothing.

In addition to my large assortment

—OF—

SPRING and SUMMER

CLOTHING,

HATS and FURNISHING

GOODS,

I have added

SWEET, ORR & CO'S

OVERALLS and TROUSERS

that are warranted not to Rip.

JAMES P. TAYLOR'S,

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Agent for Rogers, Peet & Co's

Clothing.

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17 Mill Street,

ONE DOOR ABOVE THAMES STREET

Ladies' Cloaks, Ulsters and Walking Coats

specialty.

Ladies of every description made to order

A NEW LINE OF

Seasonable Goods

JUST RECEIVED. 1-23

Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire

line of

Fall and Winter Woollens

Comprising the best goods and styles to be

found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15

percent less than our regular prices. This

we do in order to make room for our Spring

and Summer styles, which we will receive

about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of

our goods to be the best and to give general

satisfaction.

McLENNAN BROTHERS,

196 Thames Street,

NEWPORT, R. I.

A Newport Leader!

I combine style, fit, wear and quality, and

you can buy it for \$2.

To see this shoe is to buy it. To buy it is to

like it. To like it is to make friends and cus-

tom.

The best bargain in the State.

We know it, but we want you to know it.

The T. Mumford Seabury Co.,

214 THAMES STREET.

NEWPORT

STONE WORKS.

H. G. BURNS, Prop'r.

GRANITE WORK

of every description, including all kinds of

BUILDING & MONUMENTAL

WORK.

A good stock of BLUE STONE constantly on

hand.

42 Long Wharf, foot Whittier Ave.

NEWPORT, R. I.

PROV. BLANK BOOK MANFY

REAR OF POST OFFICE.

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Blank Books, Wholesale or retail, on hand

or made to order. Book Bind-

ing, Paper Covering, Edge Gilding, Gilt Letter

ing, Marbled Paper and Paper Covering.

H. M. COOK & CO.,

Binders of the State.

CLIMATE ALONE

will not cure Consumption. It will

help; but the disease must have sys-

tematic treatment. The germ which

produces it must be destroyed. The

have wrought in the lungs must be

repaired; their injured surfaces healed.

Change of climate will not do this.

It will simply increase the supply of

oxygen, and leave nature to struggle

on for years with the disease.

Ozomulsion

does better than this. It cures quickly

and permanently. It is made of Ozone,

Cod Liver Oil and Glycerin. The

Ozone supplies the needed oxygen,

and with the Glycerin destroys the

poisonous germ which causes the dis-

ease. The Cod Liver Oil is for the

lungs. It is a natural food for the

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Household Fancy Work.

DELFT EMBROIDERY.

The popularity of blue and white

china has brought into vogue a

style of embroidery, known as Delft.

The china of that name, as it closely

resembles it in coloring and follows the

designs in general outline. To meet

this demand, the manufacturers of the

Delft china have put upon the market

embroidery silks of the peculiar blue

which only in china, and the exact shade

of which must be copied to make the

work effective and correct.

This work differs from the ordinary

flower embroidery in that in place of

the usual floral designs, the main

lines are done in outline, and the

rest filled in according to fancy.

Seed, briar, and V stitches are all

used to advantage, filling in effectively.

Center piece, tray covers, tea table and

buffer covers, doilies, etc., are all orna-

mented in this style. In the case of

tray covers, a flower in one corner, with

a transverse band across the oppo-

site angle, is the proper mode of decoration.

Flower covers look well in this style

also; but if you have the border

across each end. The favorite mode of

finishing Delft embroidery is scalloped

and buttonhole, although square pho-

look better with hemstitched edge.

While linen is the only material upon

which it should be done, and Asiatic

flora in the Delft shades can be had

at any shop where fancy goods are sold.

Seven shades are made, but all need not

be used at one time.

An embroidery of this nature recent-

ly seen is worthy of mention. The ma-

terial used was two squares of gray-

green Turkish satin, with deep red

silk for the soft puff between. A

twisted cord of the two colors finished

the edge with loops at the corners.

The flower design, which was of peonies

and their leaves, were worked in half

silk (or long and short stitches) in the

rich, deep red found in peonies, shade-

ing to lighter tints for the outer petals.

The work was done in Asiatic floral

flora. The leaves were worked in vari-

ous shades of green darker than the

satin, with the turnovers and stalks in

wood-brown shades. The lattice work

was done in gold thread caught down

with gold-colored floss, and the small

cross stitches in between done in the

darkest shade of red Roman floss. The

same design could be carried out on

linen.

Dull yellow denim is a splendid

ground for black embroidery. It is

worked with shades of brilliant color or

gold thread and spangles. Shrimp pink

looks well on golden brown; silver

green on white or white on silver green;

these are brought out in great perfec-

tion when Asiatic silks with their high

lustre are used. —[Meg Merrill.]

Recipes for the Table.

RAISED DOUGHNUTS.—Take one pint

of light bread dough made with milk,

add quarter of a cup of butter, half a

cup of sugar beaten in two eggs, and

nutmeg, cinnamon or mace. Work these

ingredients together and add flour

enough to mould. Let it rise again,

roll out and fry in boiling fat. Or,

take two cups of sugar and six cups of

flour sifted together, two leaping table-

spoons of butter melted in a pint of

warm milk, two eggs well beaten and

spice to taste. Add half a cup of good

yeast. Mix all this into a stiff dough

and set it to rise four or five hours.

Roll it thin, cut into a desired shape

and fry.

TOMATO STEAK.—Cut two pounds of

beef into small strips and put it into a

braised sautépan with seven medium

tomatoes and a small onion chopped

fine; stew slowly. Add a dessertspoon

of sugar, salt and pepper and a little

clove, and just before you take it up

a dessertspoonful of butter and a little

tomato catsup if convenient. Very

tender beef is, of course, to be preferred,

but that which is tough becomes more

palatable in this than almost any other

way. This dish is quite as good, if not

better, heated over the next day.

TURKEY SOUP.—The remains of tur-

key make a good soup. Break the bones

and put them into a large pot, with all

the little bits left of a dinner, and the

remnants of omelette. Cover with

about three quarts of cold water, add

a small onion sliced, and simmer slowly

two or three hours. Strain, and set

the liquor away until the next day. Re-

move the fat. Put the liquor on to

boil, season with salt and pepper and

add two tablespoonfuls of well washed

rice. Roll gently until the rice is ten-

der. About five minutes before serving

add some minced parsley. Do not use

any of the stuffing, as it absorbs the oil,

and gives a strong, disagreeable flavor

to the soup.

To Boil Salt Cod.—Wash it care-

fully in several waters, and let it soak

in cold water overnight. In the morn-

ing lay it in a sautépan with cold water

and set it where it will keep warm and

at length simmer, but not boil. Let it

down till about the 27th. Following
 the long curve temperature averages
 will gradually rise again. These con-
 ditions will drift eastward reaching the
 Atlantic from two to four days later.
 These forecasts do not apply to the
 countries lying west of the Rocky
 mountains crest. The warm waves from
 the south pass through that country
 heading northward just before our
 the great central valleys but the place-
 ing influences are not favorable at
 this time, to cold waves in California.
 Their cold waves will come later and
 at a time that will probably do more dam-
 age than they would in November.
 A warm wave will cross the west of
 Rockies country about 10th, great cen-
 tral valleys 12th eastern states 14th. A
 cool wave will cross the west of Rockies
 country about 19th, great central val-
 leys 16th, eastern states 17th.

The Sillyness of Some Yachtsmen.

Very likely it is not communally
 that the inhabitants of one country
 should derive gratification from seeing
 the inhabitants of another make fools
 of themselves. Perhaps we ourselves
 have not always been wags in the mat-
 ter of international jealously. But it is
 impossible for the casual American to
 to enjoy the snarl into which Lord Dru-
 ravon has got international yachting in
 Britain, and the wonderful comports
 upon the name which are made by some
 of the British newspapers.

Poor Mr. Ross is reported to be "fas-
 cinated" over his own withdrawal of his
 own challenge. Since he has had no
 but civility from this side of the
 ocean, it is against somebody on the
 other that his fury is directed. The
 poor man has apparently been bullied
 into this. That a British jour-
 nal now tells him that, "and he won
 the cup, it would forever have lost the
 international significance which now
 attaches to it." Apparently this means
 that as Mr. Ross is a native Canadian
 his race would not be "international,"
 a consideration which would also ap-
 ply to the Australian challenger.
 But the able journal in question goes on
 to explain that "international signifi-
 cance" demands no "unobstructed
 course" and disappears when an ex-
 cursion steamer, man-of-war, pilotboat,
 lighter, cutter, galliot, Chinese junk, or
 other vessel going about her lawful
 business in the high seas takes a pos-
 sion in which she may screen the wind
 or disturb the water for either of the
 racing yachts. If an unobstructed
 course is provided, though how it is to
 be guaranteed no man can tell. It is
 told, "Lord Druvavon has unques-
 tionably the first right to a match under
 such conditions."

How he is to get a match without
 challenging for it is another of the
 things no man can tell. He has not yet
 challenged and shows no sign of
 challenging, but meanwhile it seems
 that nobody else must challenge. Mr.
 Ross has been successfully lulled out
 of his challenge. Perhaps the West
 Australian is made of sterner stuff. Let
 us hope so, for the credit of the British
 nation. It is not to the credit of the
 British nation that a challenger who,
 out of five starts, came in first in one
 race, and then by doubling his ap-
 pointed time who made new and impos-
 sible conditions in the middle of a
 match, and when these were refused
 pulled out of a race and dismantled his
 boat, should be held to have such para-
 mount claims to race again for the
 same trophy that none of his country-
 men is to be allowed to challenge for it
 until he has been graciously pleased to
 decide and announce what he means to
 do about it.—N. Y. Times.

Second Thoughts.

A man with a pained expression of
 countenance sat on a dry goods box.
 "Are you ill?" someone asked.
 "No."
 "Have you lost anything?"
 "Never had anything to lose."
 "What's the matter, then?"
 "I am sitting on a wasp."
 "Why don't you get up?"
 "Well, that was my first impulse; but
 I got to thinking, I was hurtin' the wasp
 as badly as he was hurtin' me, and con-
 cluded to jist here a while."—[Spare
 Moments.

Papa: Did you ask God to give you
 your daily bread this morning? Hobbs:
 No papa; I looked in the pantry last
 night and saw that there was enough to
 last for three days.—[Harper's Bazar.

FOR FALL SOWING.
WHEAT & BRAN.
WHEAT BRAN.
BRN,
RED CORN.
OATS & C.
BARKER,
& 164
DWAY,
reier's
inery Establishment
DDING HOUSE,
d Velvet, all Colors.
IN THE NEW SHAPES.

Headquarters
 FOR
 Ostrich Tit
 AND
 Plumes
 Chenille
 AND
 JET TRIMMINGS
 VELVET
 at special low prices

Good Materials, Good
 Prices.

POWER OF THE JAWS.

According to the investigations of Dr. G. V. Black, the muscular strength of the jaws compares favorably with that of any part of the body.

To crush a piece of steak, according to Dr. Black, a bite of 40 to 45 pounds is necessary—that is, if the proper machine were so rigged that, by seizing a double layer between the jaws, an object could be lifted from the floor, an object of 40 to 45 pounds could be raised by the jaw. Repeat this effort every time you chew, and you get an idea of how much exercise is required to eat one's dinner.

And what makes it harder still is that most people habitually use much more force than is necessary in chewing their food. For instance, in chewing steak whose crushing point is at 40 to 45 pounds, the persons tested by Dr. Black used a force of 60 to 80 pounds—from 15 to 40 pounds more than was necessary. All this extra force of course is wasted, but probably the generality of mankind will keep on wasting strength just so till a more systematic method of eating is adopted.

But Dr. Black did not confine himself to steak in his experiments. He tested all kinds of meat and found that mutton chops may be crushed with an expenditure of 25 to 40 pounds of strength. Broiled hams and roast beef require the greatest amount—45 to 60 pounds—while pork chops may be chewed with a force of 20 to 25 pounds, and the choicest parts of cold boiled tongue with 8 to 6 pounds. Three of course are averages. Tough meat of any kind is still harder to crush—for instance, tough beef and mutton tested by Dr. Black required in some cases a crushing force of 90 pounds.

The smallest pressure recorded on Dr. Black's gauge, that of a little girl 7 years old, was 80 pounds. This was with her front teeth, which are not used for the crushing process of mastication. With the molars, which do the chewing, properly so called, she could exert a force of 65 pounds—quite enough to crush all but the toughest parts of toughest meats. Several persons exceeded 100 pounds with the front teeth, or incisors, and 200 with the molars. One man—a physician of 85 years—has such strength of jaw that it must for the present remain a mystery, for it exceeded the testing power of the instrument. The gauge registered only 270 pounds, and when this remarkable chomper shut his teeth on it he closed it with no apparent effort. How far above 270 pounds he could have gone is therefore a subject for speculation.

It will be observed that the doctor measured only the force exerted by the jaws and not the work done by them. This latter is really more important, and it remains for some one, perhaps the doctor himself in a second series of experiments, to ascertain it.—Buffalo Express.

Some Royal Crowns.

The crowns of Spain, Portugal and Poland are all three of the same form, and are described by Colonel Parsons in his "Genealogical Tables of Europe" as "diadem crowns heightened up with eight arched diadems supporting a mound, ensigned with a plain gold cross." The crowns of Denmark and Sweden are of almost similar shape, consisting of the eight arched diadems, rising from a marquis' coronet (a circle of gold bordered with ermine, set round with four strawberry leaves and as many pearls on pyramidal points of equal height, alternate), which cincture at the top under a mound ensigned with a cross bottonne. The kings of most other continental countries are crowned with crowns of gold, adorned with precious stones and heightened up with large "trefoils," and closed by four, six or eight diadems supporting a mound surmounted by a cross. The trefoil upon the crown is thought to be of Gothic introduction.

We find it upon the crowns of Clivia and his sons, which has induced antiquaries to call it the "flower de luce" (the lily of France represented in gold on a blue ground), but the fact is, these trefoils were used on Constantinopolitan crowns before the time of the Franks, and afterward on those of German princes in no way allied to Charlemagne. Aubrey, a celebrated authority upon heraldry, was of opinion that the flower de luce is really nothing more than a spearhead adorned, no flower of the lily kind, the middle part solid. The sultan of Turkey wears over his arms a turban, enriched with pearls and diamonds, under two coronets, the first of which is made of pyramidal points, heightened up with large pearls, and the uppermost is surmounted with crescents.—Chambers' Journal.

Woman as an Inventor.

It has long been a stock argument against the originality of the feminine mind that, while women are excellent in the imitative arts, they cannot invent. Now the chairman of the committee on women's inventions of the Atlanta exposition says that the number of women's patents has collected is too large to be accommodated in the space apart for them. As it is reasonably to be assumed that these selected inventions were good ones the woman of the century has scored another point against her traditional critics.—Baltimore American.

A Child's Logic.

"Look here, Cesarino, your father is right down stingy. He is a shewmaker, and still he lets you go about with your boots all in holes!"

"That's nothing compared with your father. He's a dentist, and your little brother has only got a single tooth."

Cut a piece of fat from the meat to be broiled and rub thoroughly the wires or slats of broiler and turn meat in about five seconds; in some time turn again and let broil until light brown, then turn on to warm plate. Hot plate makes meat tough.

The most cultivated minds are usually the most patient, most clear, most rationally progressive, most studious of accuracy in details.—James Martineau

HOLMES ON TRIAL.

Charged With the Murder of B. F. Pitzel.

Opening Day Replete With Sensations—Jury Quickly Made Up and the Prisoner Pleads Not Guilty.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 29.—Herman W. Mudgett, better known as H. H. Holmes, the self-confessed life insurance swindler and alleged multi-murderer, whose crimes have become a topic for general discussion during the past several months, was placed on trial in the court of oyer and terminer on the charge of having murdered Benjamin F. Pitzel.



H. H. HOLMES.

From the nature of the case, and the startling stories concerning it which have gained currency during the past year, sensational revelations were naturally to be expected when he who has come to be regarded as the most skillful and audacious criminal of modern times was placed on trial for his life. Yet what did occur in court so far surpassed all expectations that the most vivid flights of imagination could scarcely have conceived the day's events.

Protestations and outcries for a continuance of the trial summarily overruled; the sudden withdrawal of the lawyers who had hitherto represented the prisoner, in the face of threats of disbarment; the appointment by the court of new counsel and the refusal by the prisoner to accept them as his defenders; the designation of another lawyer to serve after being selected by Holmes, and finally, the prisoner trying his own case, this, not to speak of sundry dramatic passages at arms between Holmes and the Commonwealth's prosecuting officer, is a summary of what occurred.

Another Wonderful Day.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 29.—It became apparent last night that the picturesque and startling features of H. H. Holmes' career were not to be confined to his destructive wanderings over the American continent, for with each successive day comes something still more strange and unexpected.

On Monday he dismissed his counsel and began to try his own case, because the court refused to grant the plea made by them for a continuance. They left the courtroom in spite of Judge Arnold's threats to disbar them, and religiously kept away. Last night, after fighting tooth and nail single-handed against the tremendous machinery of the Commonwealth, and the apparently complete chain of evidence which has been forged around him, he threw up his hands and sent for his lawyers, Messrs. Shoemaker and Rotan. Then he told the court what he had done, and a consent of their continuing with the defense was given.

The big work of the trial—taking testimony—was begun yesterday morning at 10 o'clock, and with the exception of brief intermissions at lunch and supper time, was continued until nearly 9 o'clock last night. It had been the intention of the court to sit until 10, but the absence of a witness hindered this, and an adjournment was taken.

Mrs. Pitzel Testifies.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 31.—The feature of the third day of the Holmes trial was the dramatic and pathetic recital of Mrs. Pitzel, who persistently insisted on the completion of the terrible ordeal of facing the prisoner, whom she charges with the murder of her husband and children, and telling all the details of that series of intrigues which came to such a fatal climax.

Miss Yoke's Testimony.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 1.—For about 30 minutes yesterday the use of which all men have marveled forsook Holmes and bowed and broken, he sank his head into his hands and sobbed like a child.

Meanwhile, the woman he persists in calling his wife, and upon whom he had planned his highest hope, sat two yards away, relating a story that slowly but surely tightened the noose on his neck.

For one hour and forty minutes she whispered to the court officer the words that told how Pitzel had come to the Eleventh street house, where they were stopping the night before the murder; and how Holmes had been away for five hours of the next day, coming back flushed and excited, and carrying her hurriedly off to Andover.

Under Habitual Criminal Act.

LAWRENCE, Mass., Oct. 29.—The case of Patrick J. Hanley, better known as "Corky," of Salem, who is charged with being a habitual criminal, was called in the superior court yesterday. Judge Sherman sentenced him to 25 years in the state prison.

Every Bone Broken.

PROBUDY, Mass., Oct. 31.—William Connors, aged 35, employed in the tobacco factory of A. G. Lawrence & Co., was caught in the belt and instantly killed. He was whirled around the shaft and every bone in his body was broken.

Ten Years For Woodruff.

BOSTON, Oct. 31.—Henry T. Woodruff was yesterday sentenced to serve 10 years in the state prison for forgery. Woodruff and an accomplice named Davis operated extensively among Boston banks, realizing about \$15,000 on forged checks.

The Corbett-Fitzsimmons Fight.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., Nov. 1.—The big fight is put over until next Monday, and the chance for Corbett and Fitzsimmons meeting in the ring before Tuesday at the very earliest is small.

All Quilty Delegates.

Boston, Oct. 31.—The Democratic

convention will have in the coming city election with Joseph Quincy. Yesterday was the last day for the filing of the list of delegates to the coming city caucuses, and in nearly all the wards only one set of delegates were entered, and these invariably were pledged to Mr. Quincy's candidacy, so that the outlook is almost a unit for Mr. Quincy.



SAY! MISTER! YOU'VE DROPPED YOUR Battle Ax PLUG

A GREAT BIG PIECE FOR 10 CENTS.

PROCTOR FOR PRESIDENT.

Vermont Stateman Said to Have an Eye in That Direction.

New York, Oct. 29.—Vermont has produced many statesmen, and but few politicians. Senator Proctor is a man who possesses traits of both, while in his make-up preponderates a never-sleeping capacity for looking out for personal interests, according to The Sun's Boston correspondent. It is his ambition to be President.



SENATOR PROCTOR.

says the correspondent, that Mr. Proctor has aspirations to the presidential chair, and it will not greatly surprise those who know him if in 1908 his name is prominent in the Republican convention. He will then be somewhat over the three score and ten limit, but his health is still good.

MURDERED HIS MOTHER.

Thomas McLoughlin Then Made an Attempt to Take His Own Life.

PROVIDENCE, Nov. 1.—Mrs. Mary McDole of Johnston was shot and killed last night at her home by her son, Thomas McLoughlin. The woman was lying sick in bed, and was terribly kicked and beaten before a bullet through her right temple put an end to her suffering.

She owned several tenement houses and other property in Johnston, and it is believed her son's disapproval of her recent second marriage led to the crime.

Too Much For Local Firemen.

MILFORD FALLS, Mass., Oct. 31.—Fire, which started in a Main street livery stable at 10:30 o'clock last night, swept away the buildings on one side of the street in the business section and jumped across the street and destroyed the buildings on that side. The fire department early proved utterly inadequate, and help was summoned from Greenfield and Northampton. The fire burned itself out about 2 a. m. The total loss will reach about \$60,000.

Van Allen Arrested.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 31.—Deputy Sheriff Knapp was summoned to "Wakehurst," and together with Samuel R. Honey, who is managing the local end of the difficulty under the direction of Mr. Van Allen's New York lawyers, were escorted by Van Allen. Van Allen was later placed under arrest. C. H. Knapp, Jr., was accepted as bail, and for surety Van Allen's whole estate was mortgaged to Sheriff Anthony and Deputy Sheriff Knapp.

Kathadin's Trial Trip.

NEW LONDON, Conn., Nov. 1.—The latest addition to the new navy of the United States, the ram Kathadin, had her official trial yesterday, and although the result is not yet positively known, it is believed the final official record will show that she has done better than the 17 knots required by the government. The fact that the vessel is purely an experimental type of war vessel but intended for ultimate to the result of her trial.

Counterfeits Sentenced.

NEW YORK, Oct. 31.—Dr. Orlando Bradford, the counterfeiter, was yesterday sentenced to six years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. Michael Manning and Frank Carr were given similar sentences. Albert Brown was given four years, and Harvey Kingsley, also a counterfeiter, was sent to the reformatory for 12 months.

LOCKHEEN'S REPORT.

Interesting Figures Accompanied by Some Pointed Remarks.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—Penitentiary Commissioner William L. Lockheen, in his annual report, under the heading of "Prisoners and Penitents," says: "Those men who committed early and fought the battles of the war were not moved by necessary considerations, and unless actually disabled did not show the haste in applying for pensions manifested by those who enlisted near the close of the war for large bounties, and did little actual service, and who are now the noisiest in clamoring for more pensions. As compared with this latter class, the real soldiers have been modest in preferring claims for pensions."



WILLIAM L. LOCKHEEN.

The report shows that the number of pensioners on June 30, 1891, was 969,541; new pensioners added during the year, 939,185; disapproved pensioners restored, 409; deaths during the year, 20,000; dropped for other causes, 11,576; making a net increase of pensioners during the year of 927,109.

The appropriation for the year was \$150,000,000, and there was paid during the year \$138,997,357. The estimate for pensioners during 1897 are \$110,000,000 for pension payments, \$500,000 for surgeons' fees and \$150,000 for clerk hire at pension agencies, and about \$500,000 for other expenses.

Awful Blow with a Club.

BANGOR, Me., Oct. 28.—At Bangor, a man named Langdon had a quarrel with William Hammond. Hammond picked up a club and struck Langdon a terrible blow on the head. Blood gushed from the injured man's nose and ears, and he lay insensible for a long time. Hammond was arrested and bound over for his appearance at the next term of the supreme judicial court to be held in Bangor. Langdon is likely to die from his injuries.

A Seven-Mile Trip.

LEWISTON, Me., Oct. 31.—Professor Carl E. Myers, the sky cyclist, made a trip yesterday for the merchants' week crowd. At the start the professor's sky cycle struck a strong current of air of 20 miles an hour, and he was unable to navigate successfully. The wind bore him over in a southerly direction, following the Androscoggin to Lisbon Centre, about seven miles, where he alighted safely in a field.

Not Fished For Money.

PORTLAND, Me., Oct. 28.—Daniel Wiley of Gorham was found wandering about the streets of this city in an insane condition. The man, who is 55 years old and unmarried, was sent to the almshouse and confined in a cell. Yesterday morning the attendants found Wiley hanging in his cell by his drawers. He had over \$150 on his person at the time of his death.

A Candy Whale

may be largely saved, and very expensive; but it really isn't a practical sort of a fish. The marvelous things of life have their place; but not in the front file of every day business.

A Maine man says: "I keep my hundred dollar watch at home to look at, and carry a new quick-winding Waterbury, which keeps just as good time."

Wise Man.

He knows what it costs to keep a fancy watch in repair; so do you; if you own one, HAVE IT AT HOME.

Waterbury's new quick-winding Waterbury at \$15.00 and \$20.00. Waterbury's \$25.00 and \$30.00.

OLD DOMINION S. S. COMPANY

112 1/2 North River, New York. W. L. GUTHRIE, AUCTIONEER. 1019 Vice Pres't & Traffic Manager.

Pool (to farmer) See what a beautiful prospect is unfolded in yonder pillowy fields; and hark! the voice of the plowman Farmer; Yes; he's been a classmate of that mule some day; and it's one of those German mules that used to pull a beer wagon and he can't understand a word of ill-Atlantic Constitution.

New Advertisements.

At the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, holden on Monday, the 21st day of October, A. D. 1905, at 10 o'clock A. M.

ON THE PETITION, in writing, of Edward F. Eganach and Alexander A. Alibonach, presented this day, praying the letters of administration on the estate of WILLIAM T. ALIBONACH, late of said Newport, deceased, inter sit, may be granted to Mary Cain, of said Newport, or some other suitable person.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to Monday, the 13th day of November, 1905, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by advertisement in the Newport Mercury, once a week at least, for fourteen days.

WM. H. HAMMATT, Probate Clerk.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

JONATHAN H. PIERCE hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Court of Probate of Newport, R. I., Administrator on the estate of CHARLES C. THAYER, late of said Newport, deceased, and that he is qualified to act as such Administrator.

Newport, R. I., November 2, 1905.

At the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, holden on Monday, the 21st day of October, A. D. 1905, at 10 o'clock A. M.

STEPHEN W. CHURCH, Administrator on the estate of William H. Apponer, late of Newport, of full age, presents said William H. Apponer, first and final account with the estate of said Apponer, and prays that the same may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Court House in the City of Newport, on Monday, the 13th day of November next, at 10 o'clock A. M., and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by advertisement in the Newport Mercury, once a week, at least, for fourteen days.

WM. H. HAMMATT, Probate Clerk.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

DAVID P. ALBINO, Executor of the will of ROBERT M. WETHERILL, Administrator on the estate of ROBERT M. WETHERILL, deceased, presents to this Court his first and final account therewith, and prays that the same may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Court House in the City of Newport, on Monday, the 13th day of November next, at 10 o'clock A. M., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

NOTICE OF EXECUTOR.

MARY A. HUNT hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Court of Probate of Newport, R. I., the Executor of the will of ASABEL A. HUNT, late of said Newport, deceased, and that she is qualified to act as such Executor.

Newport, R. I., October 25th, 1905.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

THE BUSHNERS having been appointed by the Court of Probate of Newport, R. I., Administrator on the estate of BASUEL B. ALMY, late of said Newport, deceased, and having been duly qualified according to law, request all persons indebted to present them and those indebted to make payment to him.

JOSEPH WARD, Administrator.

Tiverton, R. I., Oct. 21, 1905—10-23

IF not WHY not TRY THE

Artificial Ice,

IT IS THE

Cheapest and Best

ON THE MARKET.

Sold only by the

NEWPORT ICE CO.

173 THAMES STREET.

ARCTIC ICE CO.

WHOLESALE

AND

Retail Dealers.

This company is prepared to furnish ice of the best quality and in quantities at prices as low as can be purchased in the city.

Telephone connection.

OFFICE, Commercial Wharf.

JOHN H. GREENE, Rept.

Ideal Tours.

New York, Old Point Comfort, Richmond, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia.

With time to spare for side trips, if desired. Shorting the sea coast for 13 hours in the beautiful fast new steamships of the

Old Dominion Line

and returning leisurely by rail.

Tickets include HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS at points named, as well as rail and steamer fares for the entire trip. Total cost, \$32.00.

Also shorter trips to Old Point Comfort and Richmond, including cost of hotel, for \$16.00 and \$17.00.

Favorite ocean and rail route to Atlanta, Ga. Special Rates on accounts of the Cotton States Exposition.

Send for copy of "PILGRIM" containing description of short and long fall trips.

OLD DOMINION S. S. COMPANY

112 1/2 North River, New York. W. L. GUTHRIE, AUCTIONEER. 1019 Vice Pres't & Traffic Manager.

THE BROWN STONE.

We have just received a car load of Minneapolis Flour Manfg Co's

*** DIAMOND * MEDAL ***

It is made at Minneapolis, Minnesota, from the very best quality of

HARD WHEAT

and in order to obtain the best results it requires more kneading than flour made from softer wheat.

Price per barrel - \$4.65

Dry the flour and knead it well and you will have

The Best Bread in the World.

Samples of this Flour given FREE at our store.

P. H. HORGAN,

TELEPHONE 2.

224 THAMES STREET.

New Advertisements.

Coddington Savings Bank.

Newport, R. I., October 15, 1905.

ANNUAL DIVIDEND at the rate of 4 per cent per annum will be paid on and after Wednesday, October 18, 1905.

NATHAN K. WINSTONE, Treasurer.



THE F.F. TEBBETTS CO.,

121 WESTMINSTER STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Cloaks and Furs.

Don't wait for the word in the papers, but come, come with confidence in the house that has served you well for many years. We do not mean to sell a garment that has not wearing merit. If you buy a garment here that does not wear well bring it back, we will make it right. Jackets are shorter, with box fronts and ripple back, made in Plain and Rough cloths, in Tan, Brown, Navy and Black, a good garment at \$7.50 and \$10.00 better at \$12.50 to \$20.00, finest made \$25 to \$40. Capes, in cloth, for immediate wear, \$5 to \$15. Dress Capes, in Plush and Velvet, \$15 to \$75. We are noted for the reliable qualities of our Furs and our assortment comprises everything from the cheapest to the highest cost in Capes, Jackets, Neck Scarfs, Muffs and Gloves, and Alaska Seal Garments. A good Mackintosh for \$5, warranted.

Sign of The Great White Bear,

BUTLER EXCHANGE.

PACKING.

WE PACK

FURNITURE, CROCKERY, BRIC-A-BRAC, PICTURES and STATUARY.

Only experienced hands employed. All orders promptly attended to.

We carry a line of

Modern and Antique Furniture, Carpets, Mattings and Rugs.

J. W. HORTON & CO.,

42 CHURCH STREET. J. W. HORTON. F. A. WARD.

Miscellaneous.

CLOTHING!

CLOTHING!

Already received a consignment of

MEN'S OVERCOATS,

MEN'S SUITS,

Youths' and Boys' SUITS.

A FULL LINE OF

Winter UNDERWEAR,

Neck Ties

GLOVES.

Also a full line of the

Latest Styles

HATS,

including the

CELEBRATED

Woodrow & Sons' ENGLISH HATS.

JOHN B. SEABURY,

218 & 220 Thames-st.

October 12, 1905.

THE NEW YORK TIMES

ARRIVES IN

Newport Daily at 1 o'clock.

Sundays at 9 A. M.

No American newspaper surpasses the NEW YORK TIMES for the scope and accuracy of its reporting, the quality of its editorial and other leading features, a daily and Sunday feature.

Promptly delivered at residences by

W. P. CLARKE,

Newport's Oldest Newsdealer.

For all orders attended to without delay.

SALAD OIL

AND

Mustard

by the gallon or small measure.

Fine Canned Goods

AT BOTTOM PRICES.

30c TEA worth 50c, and 30c J. & M. COFFEE cannot be equalled in the city.

L. EHRLHARDT, JR'S,

271 THAMES STREET, corner Kinsley's wharf.

